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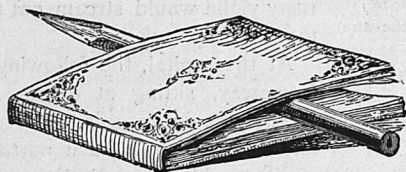
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INDUSTRIAL ART INSTRUCTION.

IT is gratifying to note the earnest efforts being made by a few private individuals for the furtherance of the excellent plans of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the provision of technical schools for the instruction of novices in various crafts. Classes in wood-carving, modelling, and drawing have been in successful operation for some time, under the management of Mr. John Buckingham, and recently the trades of carriage-building and plumbing have secured practical recognition. Mainly through the efforts of Mr. G. W. W. Houghton, editor of *The Hub*, a journal in the carriage-builders' interest, a liberal sum of money has been contributed for the instruction of a class in carriage draughting, in knowledge of which the carriage-makers of this country are far behind those of Europe. A competent teacher has been secured, and good work is already being done. As to the class in sanitary engineering, for the benefit of embryo plumbers, it will undoubtedly be a boon to the public to teach workmen how to keep pestilent gases out of our houses. This class has already received its first lessons, and Prof. Chandler is to deliver before it a course of lectures on the chemistry of sewer gas and disinfectants.

From another source we hear of the establishment on a permanent foundation, by Mr. Jennings Demorest, of a class in carpet designing, each pupil in which is to give a three years' labor note in return for the instruction received. Mr. Demorest's gift is made to the Ladies' Art Association, but the benefits of the instruction provided for are restricted to pupils from the Normal School of this city, who are supposed to be well qualified for further teaching by the excellent instruction given there in industrial drawing. However, it seems to us that some practical test of a candidate's ability would be a fairer condition of entrance, and would admit some worthy students who will now be excluded.



My Note Book.



S the two thousand dollars, divided into the four prizes given last year by L. Prang & Co., for designs for Christmas cards, were very easily won, it is not surprising that for the similar competition this year the number of candidates was about double. I wish I could say that the merit of the contributions had increased in proportion; but such a statement, I fear, would be wide of the truth. There are among the quantity of rubbish included in the four or five hundred designs selected for exhibition, some admirable little paintings—notably those which one cannot fail to recognize as the work of C. C. Coleman and of Elihu Vedder. But these are not particularly "Christmas cards," and although one or two of them, such as Mr. Coleman's apple-blossoms, with its richly decorated background, are certainly worthy of reproduction, they are hardly likely to take a prize. It is notable that the best executed work in the exhibition is, for the most part, least suited to the special purpose for which it is contributed. Among the exceptions to this generalization must be included "Quæritur's" contribution, a very well drawn and effectively colored group of a lovely young mother snatching to her arms her boy, and kissing him under the mistletoe. The simple idea is broadly and artistically executed, and the treatment of the mistletoe border, while decorative, is in keeping with the general simplicity of the design. The contribution of "In hoc signo spes mea" (No. 419) is also worthy of special commendation. It represents some fashionable ladies—children bewitchingly attired as such—who have just alighted from their carriage, and, with a well-stocked basket of provisions, are relieving the necessities of some ragged little wayfarers.

The scene is on a card pasted on a gold background, which has on either side a pot of lilies, and at the bottom of the design a stave of music with appropriate words.

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SOME of the contributions, such as "Noel's" three prettily executed cards, it seems easy to recognize as the work of successful competitors at the last exhibition. Others, like the comical elf tobogganing in a withered leaf, "S.'s" pretty girl in the snow holding a muff to her face while a dog runs by her side, and a procession of singing choristers by the same artist, are simply clever little paintings with no particular Christmas idea. The best fancies seem to come to those who have not adequate ability to express them, like, for example, the robins perched on branches of a tree, perfunctorily carolling, each protected from the falling snow by an umbrella. Another, which is really very funny, represents in a wintry landscape a fat little girl wearing nothing but a fur cap, fur boots, and a muff, and leading a rabbit by a ribbon; she stops at a cross-roads and accosts a solemn-looking owl as follows:

"Good-morning, Mr. Owl,
You seem so wise a fowl,
Can you tell myself and friend
The quickest way
To leave the ice and snow?
For we really want to go
To a warmer place to spend
Our Christmas Day."

* * *

THERE are many instances of the curious mingling of heavenly and mundane elements in design. One young lady—there can be no doubt as to the sex of the artist—represents some silly-faced angels with long wings and scanty clothing snow-balling each other. Another candidate for honors combines with a figure of Jesus the Star-Spangled Banner and the legend, "In God we trust." A good label for a wine merchant might be made from "Decrevi's" coryphées standing on tiptoe and sipping from a colossal glass of champagne; several well-executed inanities would do well enough for candy-boxes, and some of the more seriously intended of the contributions, I am sure, would make another fortune for the proprietors of Puck, if those gentlemen could only manage to reproduce them just as they are.

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UPON the score of originality, it must be admitted that for the most part "what is good is not new, and what is new is not good." There are probably fewer direct appropriations than last year, but there are still too many. Two or three designs are derived from wall papers, and one figure is bodily taken from the first page of *THE ART AMATEUR* of last August. "Faites bien et laissez dire," is the peculiarly defiant motto of the author of the latter. One of the two principal figures in his design—I say "his," because I choose to believe that the imposition could not have been practised by one of the fair sex—is the picture of the Cupid against whom the young woman is defending herself in Bouguereau's well-known painting in the Salon of last year. In the original, Cupid braces himself to withstand the pressure of the repulsing maiden, but in the design under consideration he is on a branch bracing himself against nothing. He has been disarmed of his dart, and a meaningless sprig of holly has been put in his hand instead.

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HERKOMER, the artist, recently remarked that "it is impossible to form an exhibition without a large proportion of mediocre work," which he considered very desirable. I think if he had any complaint to make as to the quality of exhibits at the Prang Prize Competition, it would not be that there is too much *above* mediocrity. Still, if mediocrity be a desideratum, the exhibition at Moore's rooms on the whole may be fairly said to have been successful. I trust, however, it will not be considered ungracious if I add that I should like to have seen a few more instances of absolute merit, for they would have made it so much easier to fix the standard of mediocrity.

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THE picture sales for the month, including that of the Artists' Fund Collection, have been quite notable. Among the hundred and forty-two oil paintings and water-color drawings sold from Mr. Thomas Reid's private collection were several excellent works, which generally brought good prices. Leon Perrault's

"Affection" was knocked down at \$2400; Meyer von Bremen's "Buy my Flowers," \$2200; and Gérôme's "The Bischari," \$2025. A fine Van Marcke went for \$1750. Among Mr. Isaac Walker's well-selected collection of nearly a hundred foreign and American pictures were many charming canvases, mostly of cabinet size. Benjamin Constant's "On the Terrace" was sold to Mr. Woodward for \$2250; two good Shreyers—"Arabs Starting on an Expedition," and "A Surveying Party"—brought respectively \$2000 and \$2350; Frederick A. Bridgman's admirable painting, "Waiting for the Caid," found in Mr. C. T. Lawrence a willing purchaser at \$1525. Humphrey Moore's very clever little work, "The Amateur," commended in "My Note Book" last year, when exhibited at the Union League Club, was sold for \$400, just about the figure the artist held it at. At the same sale, Van Marcke's "Returning Home" brought \$1000; a poor Lambinet, \$305; a very small and not very good Meyer von Bremen ("Breakfast in Danger") went for \$605; August Bonheur's "Sheep on the Scotch Highlands," for \$1300; Pio Joris' "Visit to an Antiquarian Curé," for \$1600; Delort's "A Good Piece for a Fast Day," for \$1500; Richter's "Mandolin Player," for \$825; Seignac's "Four in Hand," for \$590; S. J. Guy's "Born Tired," for \$280; and Constant Mayer's "Broken Violin," for \$540.

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THE pictures sold at Association Hall for the benefit of the Artists' Fund, in few cases were at all pretentious of subject. As a whole, though, they were fair examples of the artists' work, and afforded buyers of moderate means an excellent opportunity for making modest purchases. The total amount of the sales was \$17,206. Last year it was \$17,952 for 103 canvases, against 113 this year. But contributions by Daniel Huntington, George H. Boughton, J. G. Brown, and Charles H. Miller were wanting this time, which would much more than account for the difference in the receipts.

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LOUIS DÜRR, who willed his curious gallery of paintings to the city of New York, would hardly have been pleased could he have dropped in at Leavitt's salesrooms the other night and seen how little appreciation was shown for the two hundred or more "old masters," weeded out for auction by the trustees of his estate, prior to putting the residue in order for exhibition. The two nights' sales realized only \$6500, which included the price of a large-sized "Murillo," which was knocked down at \$40; a "Ruysdael" for \$32; a "Carlo Maratta" for \$35; a "Jan Steen" for \$130, and a "Salvator Rosa" for \$100. Some of these pictures, it may be remarked, had once been good paintings, whether done by the masters named or copyists, which is the more probable; but they had been "restored" and repainted so liberally that, whatever they might once have been, they are now absolutely worthless. The dealers, however, snapped them up at low prices, and seemed well pleased with their bargains. Of course they will ultimately go into private collections, and Mrs. Shoddy or Mr. Nouveau Riche will point them out with pride to their guests as great works of art that "have been in the family for centuries."

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THERE is a good living in store for the intelligent person who will make a business of preparing catalogues for picture auctions. The ignorance and carelessness of those who now do that sort of work is deplorable. At Geo. A. Leavitt's recent sale of the paintings of the Marshall Pepon estate, subjects familiar to the most frugally educated person were most ludicrously misnamed in the catalogue, or not named at all. A capital little study for "Pygmalion and Galatea," signed "David," was called "Classical Subject;" Abram taking Isaac to the sacrifice was labelled "Landscape;" and Jacob wrestling with the angel was called "Landscape and figure." Among the preponderating rubbish of the collection were a few excellent canvases, including two charming little landscapes by H. C. Shayer, most of which went for a song, while the intelligent audience bid up a faded print of Frith's "Railway Station" to double its value. The highest price obtained was for a sweet-faced Madonna, attributed to Carlo Dolci. The picture was knocked down at first for \$100, but it was found that two bidders had offered that price; so it was put up again and sold for \$510. MONTEZUMA.